

Buck. You haue, my Lord:
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Rich. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.

Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne

The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maiestically,

The Sceptred Office, of your Ancestors,

Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,

The Lineall Glory of your Royall House,

To the corruption of a blemisht Stock;

Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepe thoughts,

Which here we waken to our Countries good,

The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:

His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,

His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,

And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe

Of darke Forgetfulnesse, and deepe Oblivion,

Which to recure, we heartily sollicite

Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge

And Kingly Gouernment of this your Land:

Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,

Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine;

But as successiully, from Blood to Blood,

Your Right of Birth, your Empryie, your owne.

For this, comforted with the Citizens,

Your very Worshipfull and louing friends,

And by their vehement instigation,

In this iust Cause come I to moue your Grace.

Rich. I cannot tell it to depart in silence,

Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,

Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.

If not to answer, you might haply thinke,

Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded

To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraigntie,

Which fondly you would here impose on me.

If to reprove you for this suit of yours,

So season'd with your faithfull loue to me,

Then on the other side I check'd my friends.

Therefore to speake, and to auoid the first,

And then in speaking, not to incur the last,

Definitively thus I answer you.

Your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert

Vnmeritable, shunnes your high request.

First, if all Obstacles were cut away,

And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,

As the ripe Reueneue, and due of Birth:

Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,

So mightie, and so manie my defects,

That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse,

Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea;

Then in my Greatnesse couet to be hid,

And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.

But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,

And much I need to helpe you, were there need:

The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,

Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time,

Will well become the Seat of Maiestie,

And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.

On him I lay that, you would lay on me,

The Right and Fortune of his happie Statres,

Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,

But the respects thereof are nice, and triuiall,

All circumstances well considered.

You say, that Edward is your Brothers Sonne,

So say we too, but not by Edwards Wife:

For first was he contract to Lady *Lucie*,
Your Mother liues a Witnesse to his Vow;
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, Sister to the King of France.

These both put off, a poore Petitioner,

A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,

A Beautie, waining, and distressed Widow,

Euen in the after-noon of her best dayes,

Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,

Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,

To base declension, and leath'd Bigamie.

By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got

This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince,

More bitterly could I expostulate,

Saue that for reuerence to some aliue,

I giue a sparing limit to my Tongue.

Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe

This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:

If not to blesse vs and the Land withall,

Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie

From the corruption of abusing times,

Vnto a Lineall true deriued course.

Maio. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.

Catesb. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit.

Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?

I am vnfit for State, and Maiestie:

I doe beseech you take it not amisse,

I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as in loue and zeale,

Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,

As well we know your tenderesse of heart,

And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorse,

Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred,

And egally indeede to all Estates:

Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,

Your Brothers Sonne shall neuer reigne our King,

But we will plant some other in the Throne,

To the disgrace and downe-fall of your House:

And in this resolution here we leaue you.

Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*

Catesb. Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suit:

If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares,

Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,

But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,

Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule.

Enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage graue men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

To beare her burthen, where I will or no,

I must haue patience to endure the Load:

But if black Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach,

Attend the sequell of your Imposition,

Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me

From all the impure blots and staynes thereof;

For God doth know, and you may partly see,

How farre I am from the desire of this.

Maio. God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will

say it.

Rich. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this Royall Title,

Long lue King *Richard*, Englands worthe King.

All. Amen.

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.

Rich. Euen when you please, for you will haue it so.

Buck. To

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most ioyfully we take our leaue.
Rich. Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe.
Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the
Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset.*

Duch. Yorke. Who meetes vs heere?

My Neece Plantagenet,

Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?

Now, for my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower,

On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince.

Daughter, well met.

Anne. God giue your Graces both, a happie

And a ioyfull time of day.

Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?

Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,

Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,

To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Qu. Kind Sister thanks, wee'll enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.

Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue,

How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of Yorke?

Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them,

The King hath stricktly charg'd the contrary.

Qu. The King? who's that?

Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.

Hath he set bounds betweene their loue, and me?

I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?

Duch. Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see

them.

Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother:

Then bring me to their sights, Ile beare thy blame,

And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.

Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it to:

I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,

And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,

And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes,

Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster,

There to be crown'd *Richards* Royall Queene.

Qu. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,

That my pent heart may haue some scope to beat,

Orelse I swoone with this dead-killing newes.

Anne. Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes.

Dorset. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your

Grace?

Qu. O *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee gone,

Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles,

Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt out-strip Death

And lue with *Richmond*, from

Goe hye thee, hye thee from

Left thou encrease the numbe

And make me dye the thrall

Nor Mother, Wife, nor Eng

Stanley. Full of wise care, is

Take all the swift aduantage

You shall haue Letters from

In your behalfe, to meet you

Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwis

Duch. Yorke. O ill disper

O my accursed Wombe, the

A Cockatrice hast thou hate

Whose vnauoided Eye is m

Stanley. Come, Madame,

Anne. And I with all vnw

O would to God, that the ir

Of Golden Metall, that mu

Were red hot Steele, to sear

Anoynted let me be with d

And dye ere men can say, G

Qu. Goe, goe, poore sou

To feed my humor, with th

Anne. No: why? When

Came to me, as I follow'd h

When scarce the blood was

Which issued from my othe

And that deare Saint, which

O, when I say I look'd on R

This was my Wish: Se thou

For making me, so young, f

And when thou wed'st, let f

And be thy Wife, if any be

More miserable, by the Lif

Then thou hast made me, by

Loe, ere I can repeat this C

Within so small a time, my

Grossly grew captiue to h

And prou'd the subiect of r

Which hitherto hath held

For neuer yet one howre in

Did I enioy the golden dea

But with his timorous Dre

Besides, he hates me for my

And will (no doubt) shortl

Qu. Poore heart adieu

Anne. No more, then

yours.

Dorset. Farewell, thou w

Anne. Adieu, poore

of it.

Qu. Go thou to *Richmo*

Go thou to *Richard*, and go

Go thou to Sanctuarie, and

I to my Graue, where peac

Eightie odde yeeres of for

And each howres ioy wra

Qu. Stay, yet looke ba

Pitty, you ancient Stones, t

Whom Enuie hath immur

Rough Cradle for such litt

Rude ragged Nurse, old s

For tender Princes: wfe m

So foolish Sorrowes bids